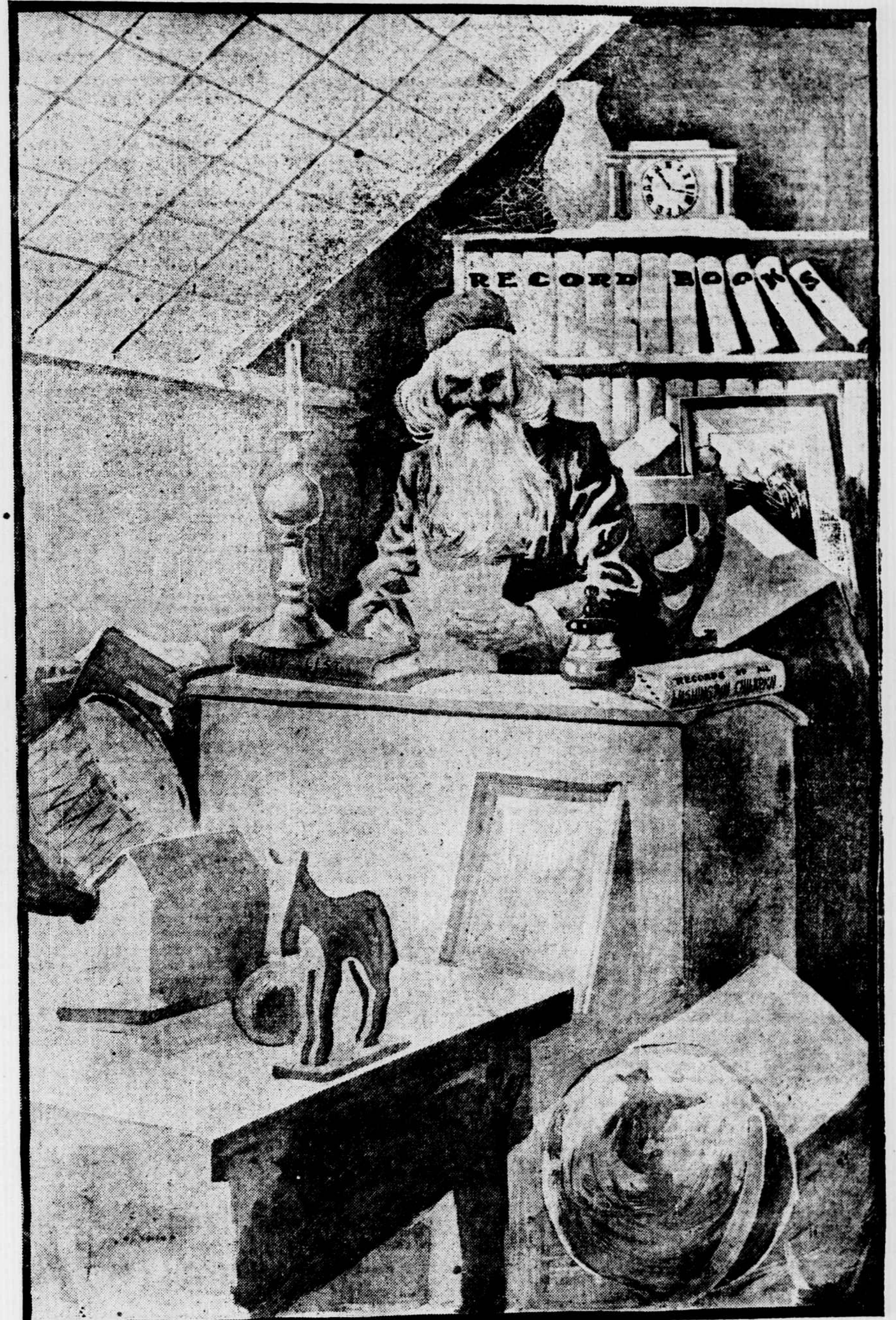
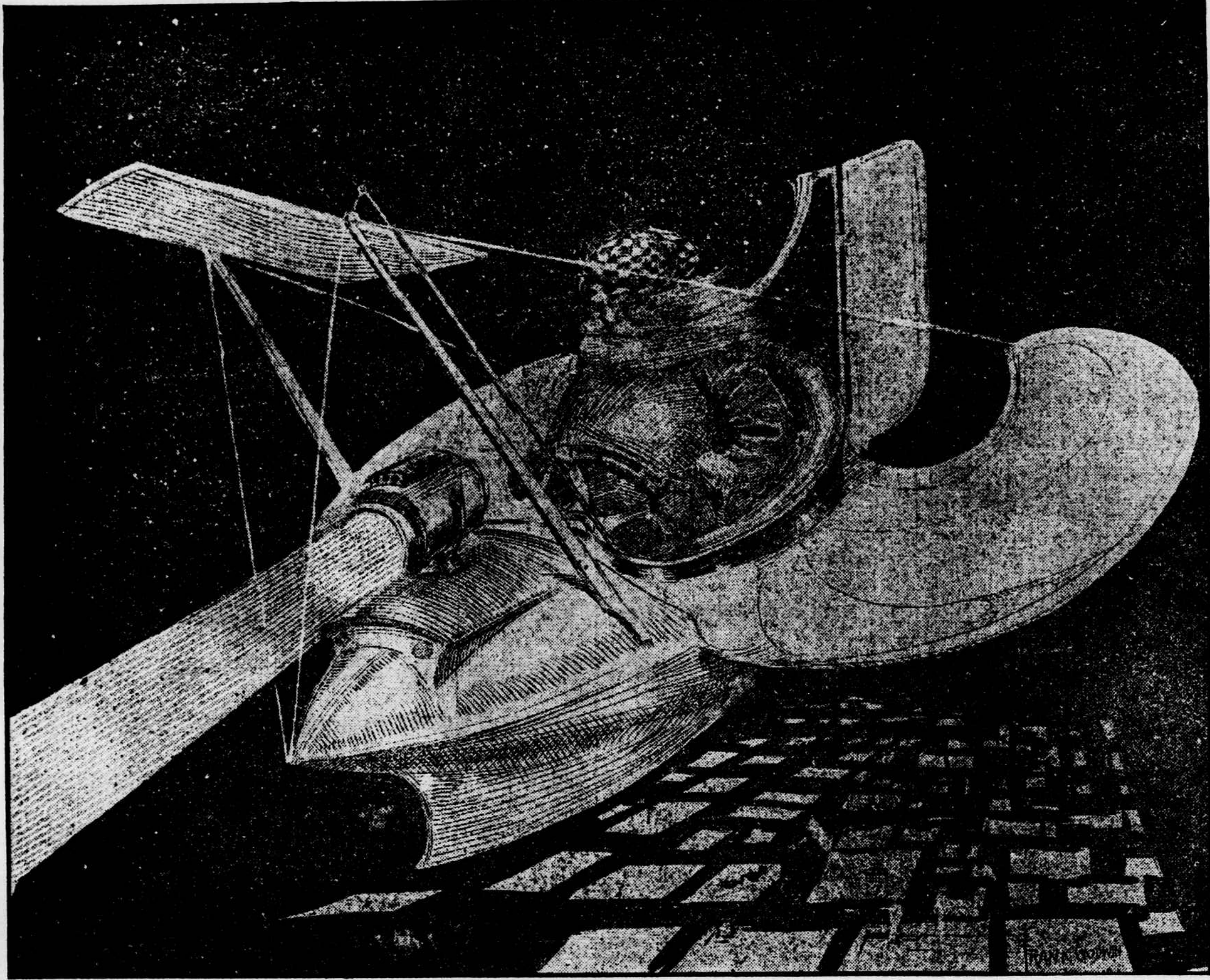


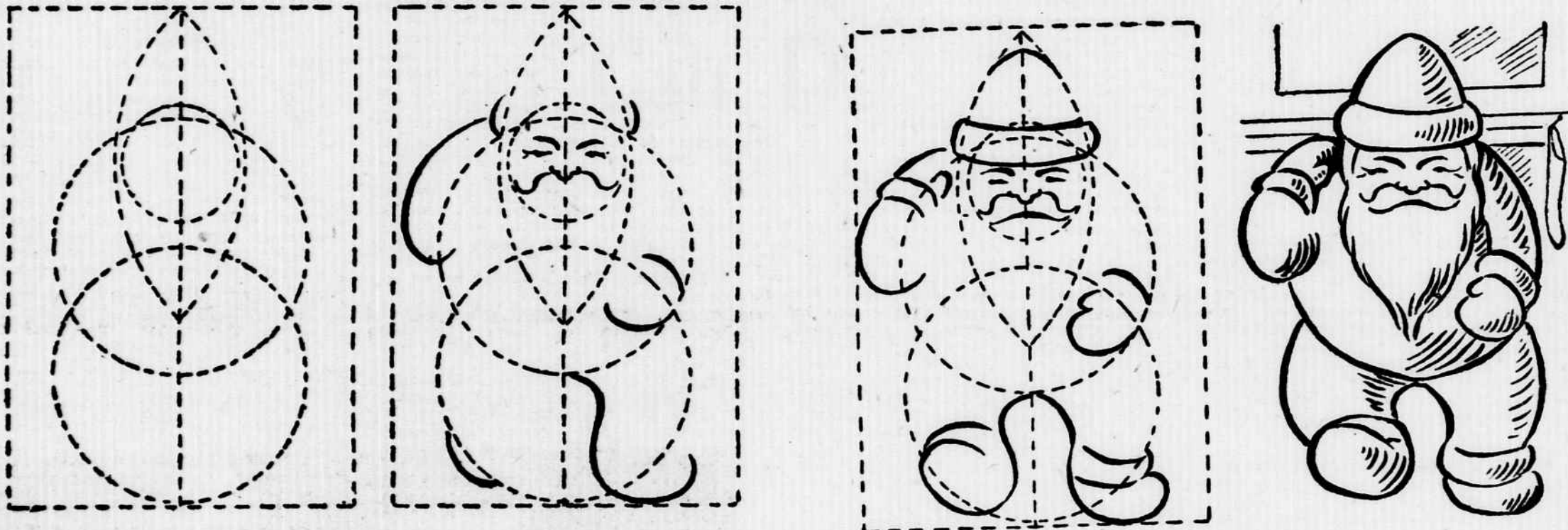
STORIES FOR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

SANTA CLAUS MAKES VISITS THIS YEAR IN NEW AIRSHIP.

Happy Christmas to the Children



See if You Can Draw Santa Claus.



SANTA LOOKING OVER THE CHILDREN'S RECORDS

PUZZLES and Answers

Hidden Name Puzzle.

By taking the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences and writing them in the order in which they come the name of a great poet will be spelled: Obtain the worth of your money when you buy. Turn over a new leaf on New Year. Money alone does not make a man rich. Always try to look on the bright side. It is well to investigate all new thoughts.

Letter Enigma.

My first is in tack, but not in nail; My second is in boat, but not in sail; My third is in yeast, but not in bread; My fourth is in simple, but not in head; My whole spells a name that all children love. And you'll know what it is when you solve the above.

Conundrums.

When is a blow from a stranger acceptable? Ans.—When he strikes you agreeably. What small animal is turned into a large one by being beheaded? Ans.—Fox, ox. At what age should a young man marry? At the person's age. When is a sheep like ink? Ans.—When taken into the pen.

Beheadings.

(1) Behead a place where goods are sold and leave a dancer. (2) Behead the language of an infant and leave a baby's plaything. (3) Behead the condition of a knife blade and leave a musical instrument.

Curtailings.

(1) Triple curtail a carioture drawing and leave a small wheeled vehicle. (2) Doubly curtail an opening in the side of a house and leave a strong breeze. (3) Curtail to creep about in a stealthy, sly manner and leave the forepart of a ship.

Answers to Puzzle.

Letter enigma.—Santa Claus. Hidden proverb.—It is better to give than to receive. Beheadings.—(1) Strain, train. (2) Crook, rook. (3) Donkey, key. Curtailings.—(1) Tomato, Tom. (2) Counter, count. (3) Browbar, crow.

Paulie Makes a Visit to the Realm of Santa Claus.

PAULIE was the little girl's name, but her papa and mamma called her Paulie for short. And Paulie was sometimes a very naughty little maid, doing things she should not have done. For instance, when her cousin Gracie came to spend the day with her she usually brought about a scene by denying Gracie the privilege of playing with her best doll. And this was very wrong, indeed, for Gracie would have handled the best doll with the greatest care, even more carefully than did Paulie herself. And Paulie would also laugh at Gracie's toys, which were not so nice as her own, for, whereas Gracie had several brothers and sisters to share the playthings at her own home, Paulie was the little queen of her parents' house, being the only child. And her toys were numerous and costly.

"I wonder what I shall have from Santa Claus this Christmas, mamma," Paulie asked of her mother one morning just before Christmas. "I do hope he'll bring me just what I ask for; and if he doesn't—well, I'll just throw the toys away and play with my old ones."

"Oh, that's a naughty threat, dear," explained Paulie's mother. "You must take whatever gifts the good Santa Claus sees fit to bring you, and be grateful for them."

Then the doorbell rang, and Paulie's mamma had to go to the parlor to receive a caller. Paulie went into the library, where it was nice and warm, and sitting in a big cushioned chair in front of the open grate, she began to soliloquize: "But why should I be grateful to Santa Claus if he brings me toys I do not want? And why shouldn't I throw them away if they don't please me? I don't understand why I should take any presents he sends, and feel thankful for them, too, if they aren't just what I asked for. And I believe I'll drop Santa a letter, to make sure he'll know just what I want. I'll write it all out plainly—which is better than telling him at night after the light is out and I'm in bed. Yes, I'll just write him a letter, and tell him to be sure and fetch to me the very things I name."

"No need to trouble about that, little girl," said a voice at Paulie's elbow. And Paulie looked up to see beside her a very odd-looking little old man, wrinkled and thin. His eyes were blinking and he was smiling merrily. Seeing the look of surprise on Paulie's face, he said: "I am from the realm of Santa Claus, and have come to ask if you would like to go there on a flying visit. We can make the trip and return before your dinner hour, which, I believe, is 6 o'clock."

"Yes, sir, we dine at 6 o'clock," answered Paulie. "And I should just love to pay Santa Claus a visit, for I was just getting ready to write him a letter when you came into the room. But where did you enter? The door did not open into this room."

"Ah, my entrance doesn't matter at all, little maid," laughed the funny little old man. "And now if you'll come with me we'll make a flying trip to the realm of Santa Claus. He is expecting you."

"Oh, is he?" And Paulie sprang off the big chair and said she'd run get her wraps and be ready to start in a minute. "No need of wraps, my little maid," said the funny little old man. "My sleigh is lined inside and out with warm bear skins, and fur robes are there to wrap about you. So, come along without delay or else you'll be home late for dinner."

Then a very strange thing happened. The funny little old man touched the win-



"We'll Make a Flying Trip to the Realm of Santa Claus."

dow pane and it opened noiselessly, allowing space for Paulie and himself to pass out through. Once out of doors Paulie was helped into a big, cozy sleigh all lined with skins and fur robes. Paulie was soon snugly settled among the warm furs, and the reindeer were off through the air like the very wind, the little old man laughing and crying out to them to fly as they were wont to do with their master. Then turning to Paulie he said: "You are riding behind Santa's reindeer, and sitting inside his sleigh."

Of course Paulie was delighted at this, and felt she was being much honored. "But why does Santa Claus send for me?" she asked. "I am only a little girl, and don't know him personally."

"I think Santa has a lesson to teach you," was all the little old man would reply. Then he turned his attention to the reindeer and said not a single word more till an hour later, when they arrived at a great ice-glistening gate, which opened upon their approach, admitting them to the most beautiful grounds.

To Paulie's astonishment she was met by Santa Claus himself, and assisted by him to alight. Then he led her to the reception-room of his wonderful abode—a great temple built of candy bricks, gingerbread columns, a taffy roof and ice-cream steps.

"Ah, my little Miss Paulie, I have here some letters from various little folk on earth which I shall place in your hands to be read. And after you have finished them I want your opinion of their contents."

Paulie, in her vanity, thought Santa Claus was doing her a great honor and

that he appreciated the fact that she was quite a superior little girl. So, smiling at him sweetly, she took the letters and prepared to read them. The first she opened ran like this: "Dear Santa—I'm just a poor little girl and hope you won't forget me on Christmas. Please bring a little present to my dear twin brother, for he is sick. If you have not enough to go around you need not bother about me. I shall not mind being mislaid if Brother Billy is remembered. And if you have anything for grown-up folk, will you please remember my dear mamma? She has worked so hard, and is so loving and good to Billy, papa and me. Your little friend, who thanks you in advance for anything you may bring to our family. Lottie, aged eight."

Paulie laid the letter down, a strange thought coming to her. Somehow, she felt a bit ashamed, and did not raise her face to look at Santa as he handed her another letter to read, explaining as he did so: "You see, my dear little girl, these letters were not written by those whose names are signed. They were just wishes by them very deeply, and their wishes were carried to us through the clouds by fairies whom we call our 'postal service.' And then our secretary wrote the wishes on paper so that they might be filed away in the form of letters. Now, here is another letter for you to read."

Paulie took the letter and opened it, reading with flushing cheeks: "Santa, send me just what I wish for. If you do not—and send to me things I have not asked for—I shall grow them away. Mamma says I should take what gifts you see fit to bring me, and be thankful for them. But why should I be thankful for things I have not asked for? I want just what I want and nothing else will please me. Paulie, aged nine. P. S.—Do not bring me any more dolls this year. But give me a little piano and a gold ring instead of dolls. I have five dolls already."

Santa Claus took the letter from Paulie, saying as he did so: "Here are many other letters, but I am happy to say there

are none disclosing so selfish a nature as the one wished by the little girl who signs herself Paulie. Now, do you wish to read any more?"

Paulie felt a lump in her throat, and, shaking her head, she replied: "No, Santa Claus, I have read enough. I myself wished the last letter I read, and I am ashamed of it. How could I ever have been so naughty. And how differently the other little girl wrote you—the poor girl who signed herself Lottie. I—I hope you are not going to—to keep that letter—that I wished, Santa Claus." And Paulie's voice trembled.

"Certainly, my little maid, we keep all our correspondence. We must have some-

thing to refer to when making out our list of presents. But, maybe you'd like to send another letter of later date," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Paulie. "And the next letter I wish to you shall be a very different kind. I did not know I was so selfish till I read little eight-year-old Lottie's letter, and then read mine."

"Ah, I felt quite sure you'd see things in their right light," declared Santa Claus. "And I'm sure this little visit to me will be the means of making you a better little girl. You'll grow less selfish and learn to consider the happiness of others as well as your own. And now you'll have to be going, for it's getting near your dinner time. Ah, there's the sleigh at the gate, and old Jolly-Jabbers is in his seat ready to drive you to earth."

"But I want to tell you, Santa," began Paulie, when she felt a hand clutching her shoulder and heard a voice calling in her ear:

"Come, daughter, dinner is waiting. You must have slept during the entire afternoon. Come, wake up! Papa is in the dining room."

Paulie opened her eyes and saw her mother looking over her. There she was in the big cushioned chair in front of the grate, just as she had been early in the afternoon. Had she been dreaming? Well, dreaming or not, she meant to write—or wish—another letter to Santa Claus that very night, and to confess to him that she had been a very selfish little girl, but that in future she meant to turn over a new leaf and be good. And to tell him that he should remember all the poor children first on Christmas, and if anything was left after their needs and wishes had been supplied, she would be grateful for any little gift he might see fit to send her.

"Yes, mamma, I'll come immediately," she said, getting out of the chair. "And let's talk over giving some presents to the poor children, for Santa Claus may not have enough to go round."

"Well, that's a dear, thoughtful little daughter," said mamma, looking somewhat surprised at what she heard. "I'm sure, my little Paulie, is going to become a kind and thoughtful of her little friends who are less fortunate than herself."

"It was Lottie's letter to Santa that has caused the change in me," explained Paulie. Then her mother, thinking the Lottie she alluded to was some little school acquaintance, only laughed and said:

"Now hurry, dear, for papa and the dinner are waiting."



SANTA'S SONG

NOW I'm off to earth again; I go there once each year. And carry toys to cheer the hearts Of little children dear.

I love my boys and girls down there. And when on Christmas day I harness up my sleigh and deer, And like the wind away,

'Tis with a heart as young as theirs— But maybe you've been told That, though I've lived a thousand years, I never have grown old.

So off I go at Christmas time To children everywhere; And maybe you will hear my bells A-ringing through the air.



LAST CHRISTMAS DAY WE CAME TO THEM
SAID THE DOLL TO THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX
ON THAT HAPPY MORN WE WERE NAMED BY THEM
WHEN THEY FOUND US IN THEIR BOX
SAID THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX IN A SAD, SAD VOICE
'TIS TRUE 'T WAS A HAPPY DAY
BUT THAT WAS A WHOLE, LONG YEAR AGO.
AND NOW WE ARE CAST AWAY
YOUR BONNET AND DRESS ARE SADLY WORN.
AND I HAVE A BROKEN SPRING
'I AM LOST' THE DOLL PANTED AND YOU ARE SUPPLANTED
BY A MONKEY THAT'S WORKED BY A STRING
SO EACH CHRISTMAS DAY WHEN YOUR PLAYTHINGS ARE NEW
REMEMBER, DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS
THE FRIENDS WHOSE HEARTS ARE LOYAL AND TRUE
IN THE ARMY OF BROKEN TOYS.